

MARVEL

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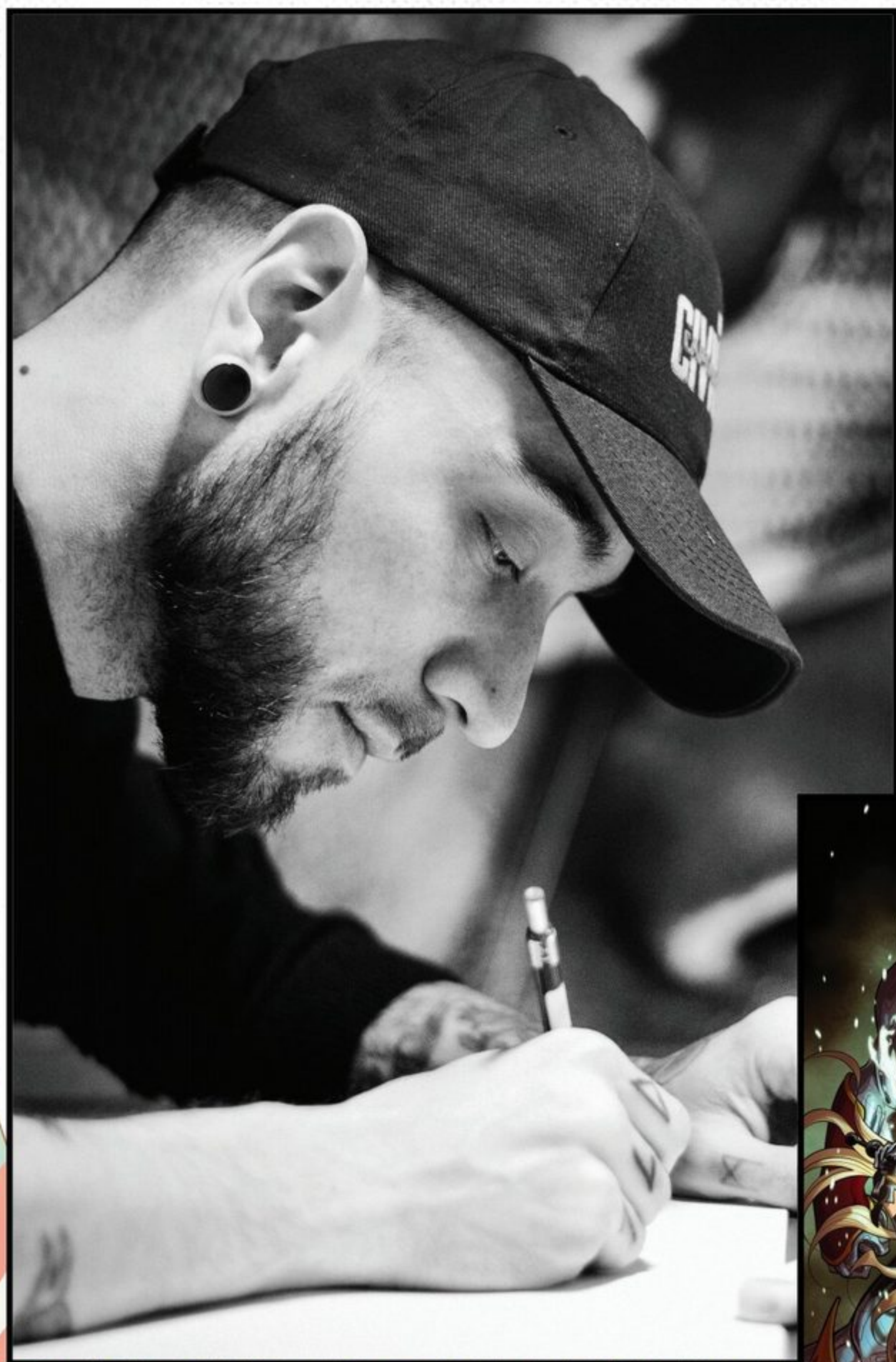
RYAN NORTH • FRANCESCO MOBILI • FRANK D'ARMATA

DOOMQUEST



Jacopo Camagni

1977 - 2026



Marvel is deeply saddened by the passing of artist Jacopo Camagni. Jacopo was an Italian artist who first came to Marvel in 2008 as a winner of the ChesterQuest international talent search. He was the artist of *Scarlet Witch*, *Hawkeye vs. Deadpool* and *Generation X-23*, among many others. To those who experienced Jacopo's work, he brought undeniable energy both on and off the page. He could mesh emotional character moments with big super hero action. He was Marvel family and a dear friend to so many more.



"Doctor Victor
Von Doom is
the *greatest*
man to
ever live.



"From his humble origins in our beloved Latveria-- the land that would one day both elevate *and* celebrate him as king..."

"...to his fabled first experiments in America, where he set the course of his remarkable life--"

"--Doctor Doom is Latveria's first,"

"Under his illustrious leadership, Latveria has been transformed from a forgotten backwater into a utopia--"

"and proudest son."

"best,"

"His success is our success."

"--but every fairy tale has its *villains*."

"Of course, Doom never lets the petty jealousies of these lessers stop-- or even slow--his vaunted ambitions."

"And their dark envies serve only to make his light shine *even brighter*."

"Our country-- our *planet*-- owes a debt to this intrepid soul."

And while we can never repay him..."

"...we can
certainly
celebrate
him."

Sire?





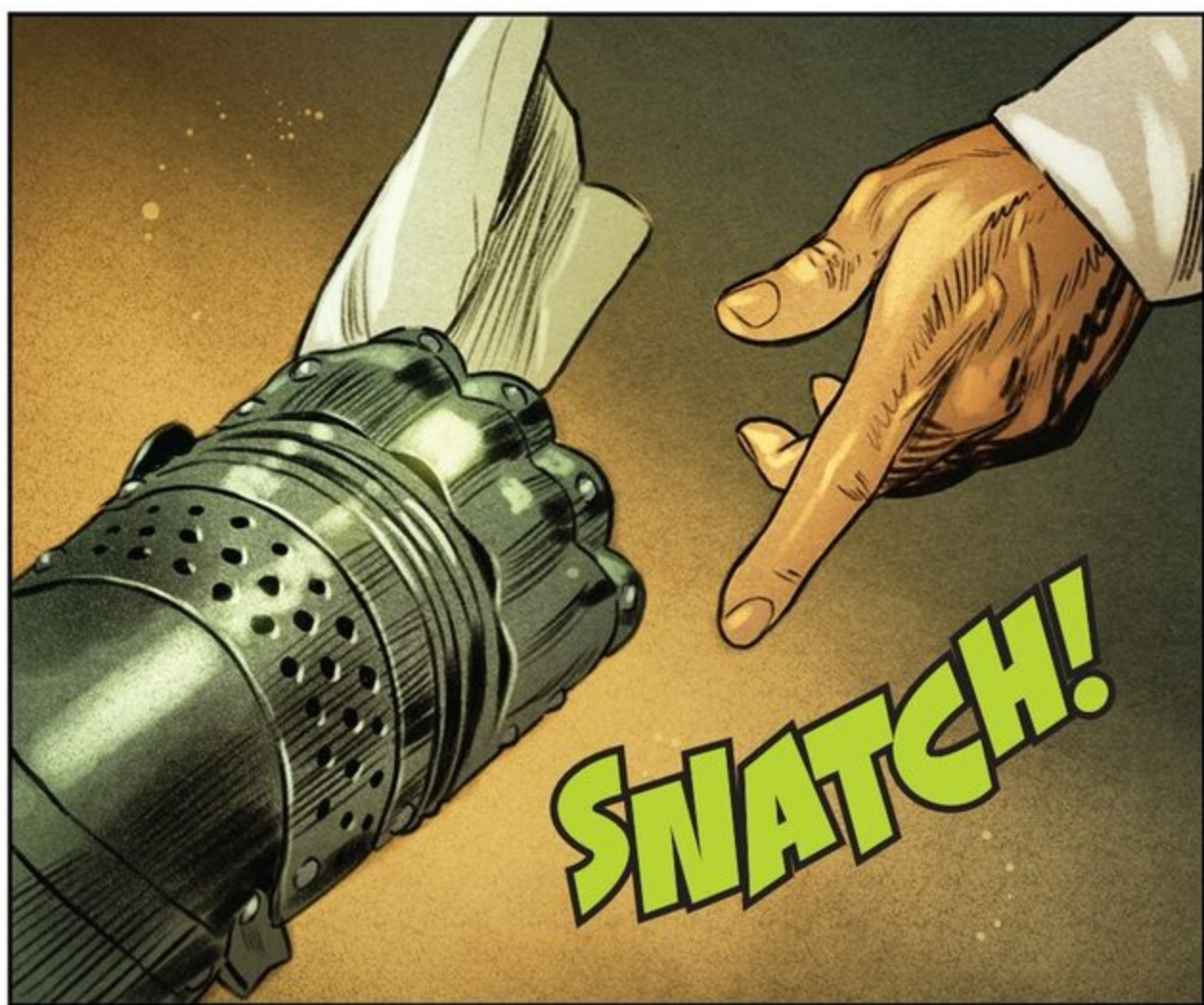
Speak.

I have the latest national evaluative analysis you asked for--including international comparisons.



In summary, Sire...

...Latveria continues to find herself challenged.



SNATCH!



Despite certain gains made in the past year, we remain too *small*, too *poor*, and--

--outside of you, of course, Your Glory--

--too *inconsequential*.





...Please grant me my life, Sire. I bring only the truth, as you command.

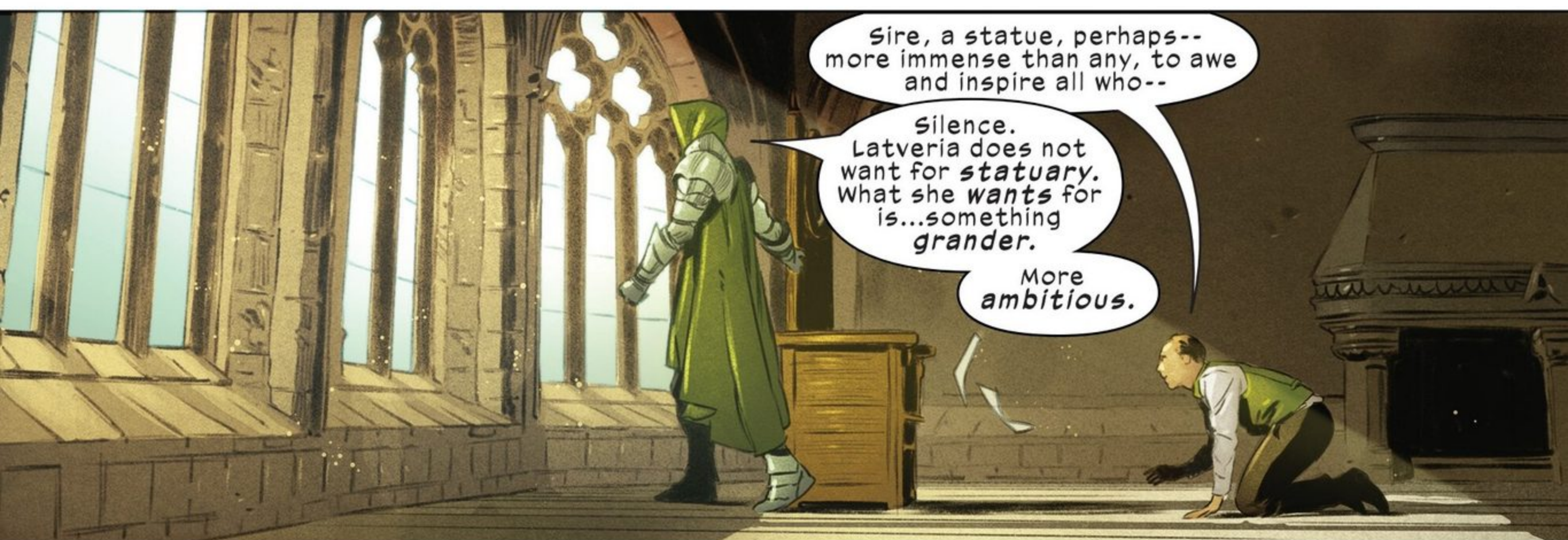


Latveria requires more.

I, Minister Hanāk, require more.



We need a *project*--one to *harness* Latveria's resources, to finally *grow* a nation and her people...



Sire, a statue, perhaps--more immense than any, to awe and inspire all who--

Silence. Latveria does not want for *statuary*. What she *wants* for is...something *grander*.

More *ambitious*.

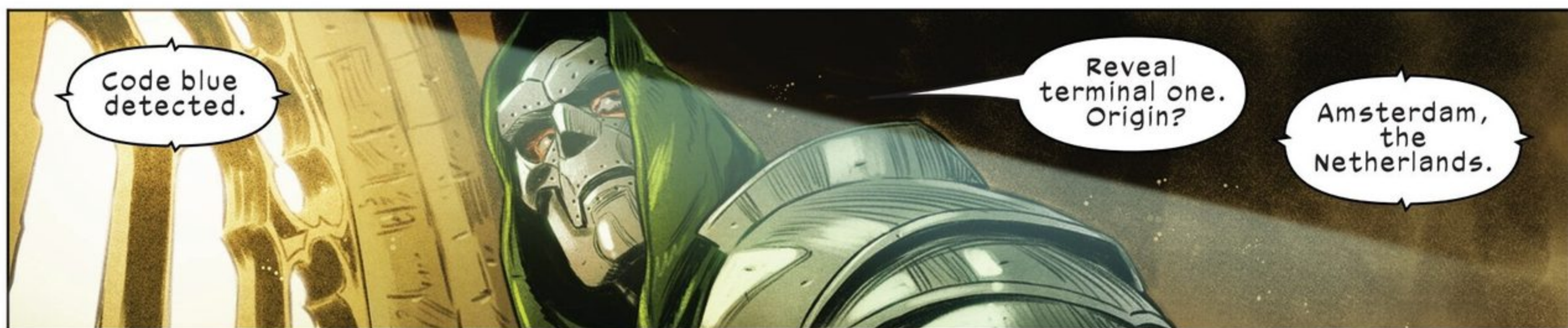


I can see its *shape* so clearly--but not yet its *details*. It is--*frustrating*.

Begone, Hanāk. I must ponder.



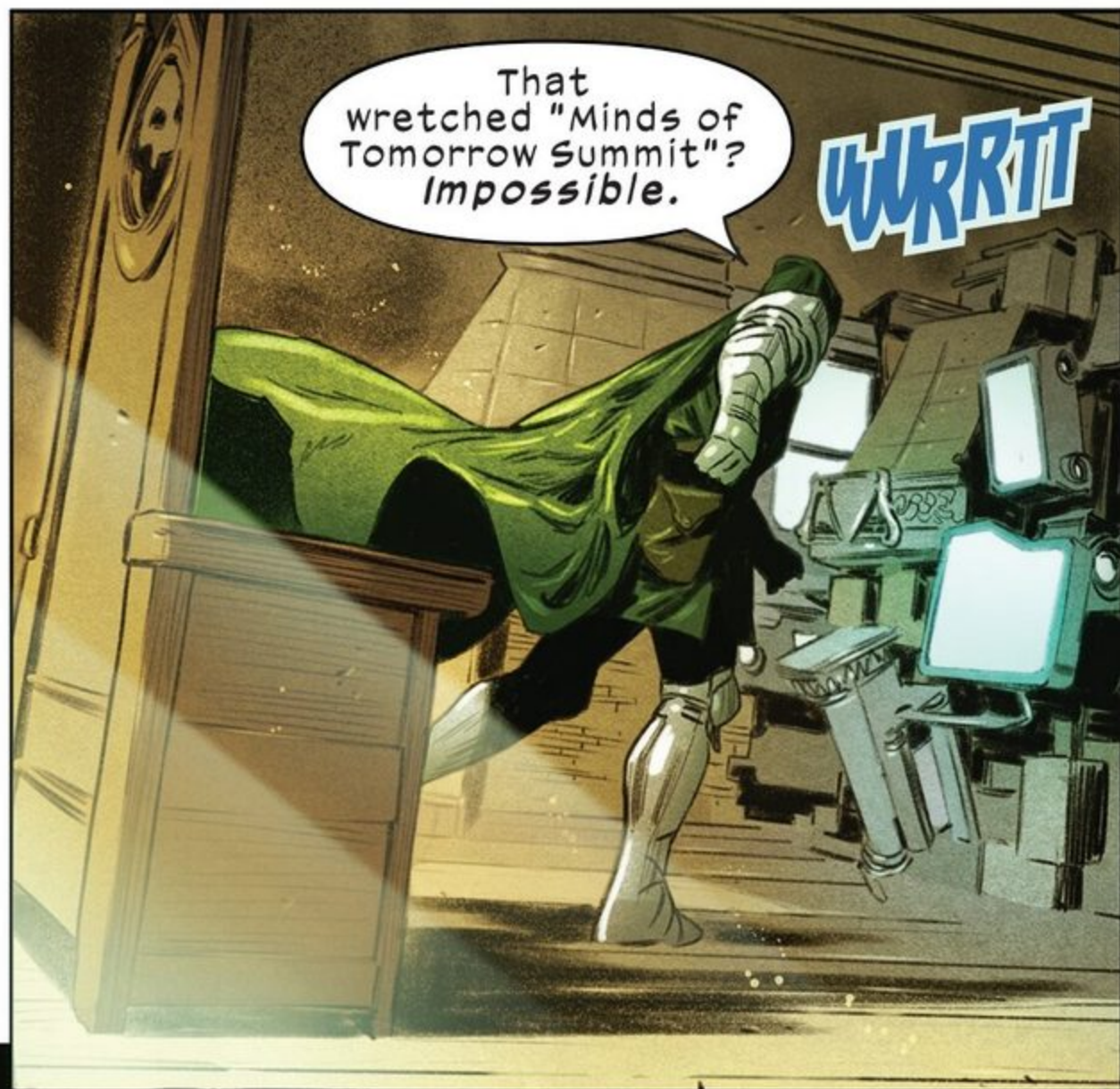
Continue to give me truth, and Doom will continue to grant you your life.



Code blue detected.

Reveal terminal one. Origin?

Amsterdam, the Netherlands.



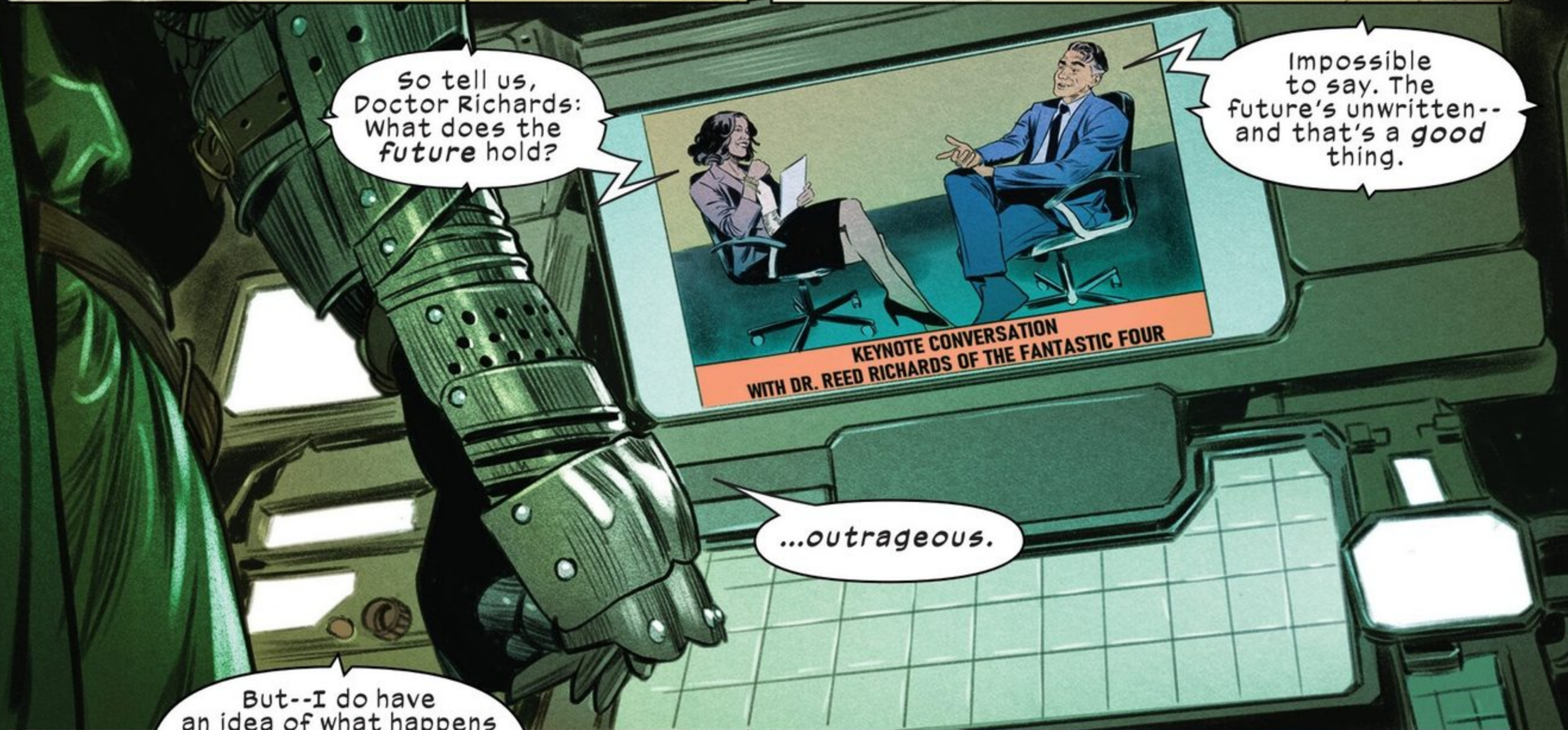
That wretched "Minds of Tomorrow Summit"? Impossible.

WURTT



They refused *Doom*--and yet leap to accommodate his *lesser*? Richards would not--*could not*--have been invited to speak!

The very *idea* is...

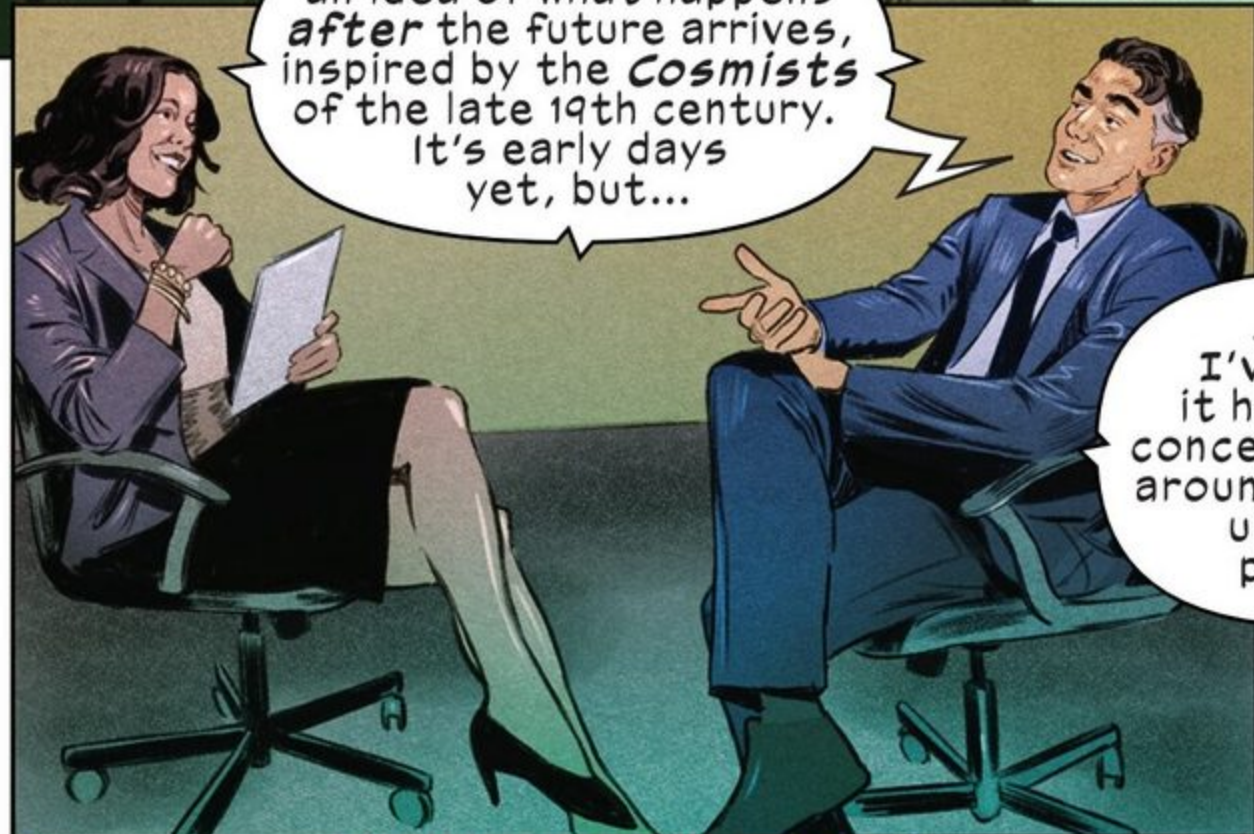


So tell us, Doctor Richards: What does the *future* hold?

Impossible to say. The future's unwritten--and that's a *good* thing.

KEYNOTE CONVERSATION WITH DR. REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR

...outrageous.



But--I do have an idea of what happens *after* the future arrives, inspired by the *Cosmists* of the late 19th century. It's early days yet, but...



...well, I've found it helpful to conceptualize it around a single, unifying phrase:



"the *ultimate optimization of history*."

KEYNOTE CONVERSATION WITH DR. REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR

KEYNOTE CONVERSATION DR. REED RICHARDS OF THE FANTASTIC F

We know the time of our universe is *finite*: One day, the stars will go out, and life will *end*.

And yet, *despite* that scientific inevitability, we've wasted so much time--*so much time--on conflict*.



There are *trillions* of lives across history lost to avoidable, meaningless death. It's a *staggering* sacrifice--and for *nothing*.

And if we can reach *peace*--the end of *history*--then is it not *ethically beholden* upon us... to try to save *them* too?



I believe *this* may be the final great task of intelligence: to *optimize* our *history*, *undoing* any mistakes, setting right what once went wrong...

...thereby ensuring that *every* moment is filled not with war nor hate, but with as much *grace*, *goodness*, and *generosity* as possible.

Call it humanity's *retirement project*.



CLAP CLAP

CLAP

CLAP CLAP



An admirable task, Doctor Richards--but surely a *colossal* one.

Indeed, but *progress* has already been made. I've discovered that time has a *preferred form*: a shape it tries to *return* to, despite changes.

This may explain why so many alternate universes are so, as my brother-in-law Johnny would say, "dang samey."



It suggests that the only way to induce a *permanent* change to time's shape would be to arrange your alterations to history...

...such that *all* of them happen *simultaneously*.



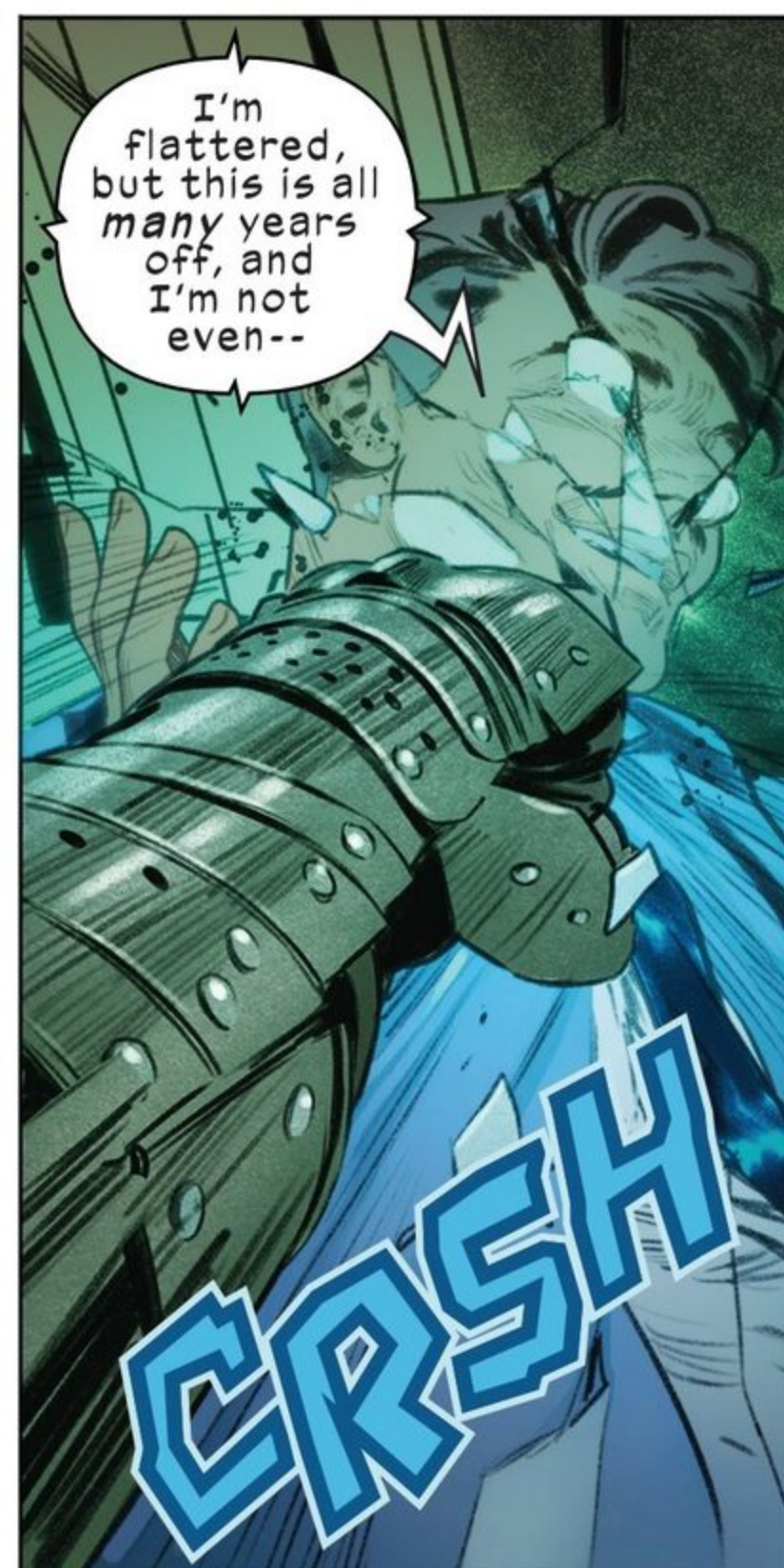
You may have lost me there. Simultaneously?

Imagine a time machine that can **chamber** each change made to the past, and-- once they're **all** ready-- release them all at once.



It would require a **new** kind of time travel--not sending a **body**, but a **mind**. But that mind could forge a **series** of changes to be triggered in **unison** upon their return to the **present**.

Well, I for one can think of no better mind to send than that of **Mister Fantastic**.



I'm flattered, but this is all **many** years off, and I'm not even--



The unmitigated **hubris** of that man! **Richards** proposes to rewrite **all of history** to **his** desire--and those fools **applaud** him!

The very idea is **laughable**! None but **Doom** could truly be **capable** of wielding such **power**! It--



Of course.

It is how the **injustices** of history could be corrected--

--and how **Latveria** at last **earns** her rightful standing in the world.



Computer, bid Minister Hanāk to **return** to my throne room.

Doom has **discovered** his **nation-building** project.



It is a project larger--in both scale and ambition--than the pyramids.

It takes all the resources Latveria has--human, mineral, computational, technological--and more.

And none, save Doom, knows precisely what they're building.

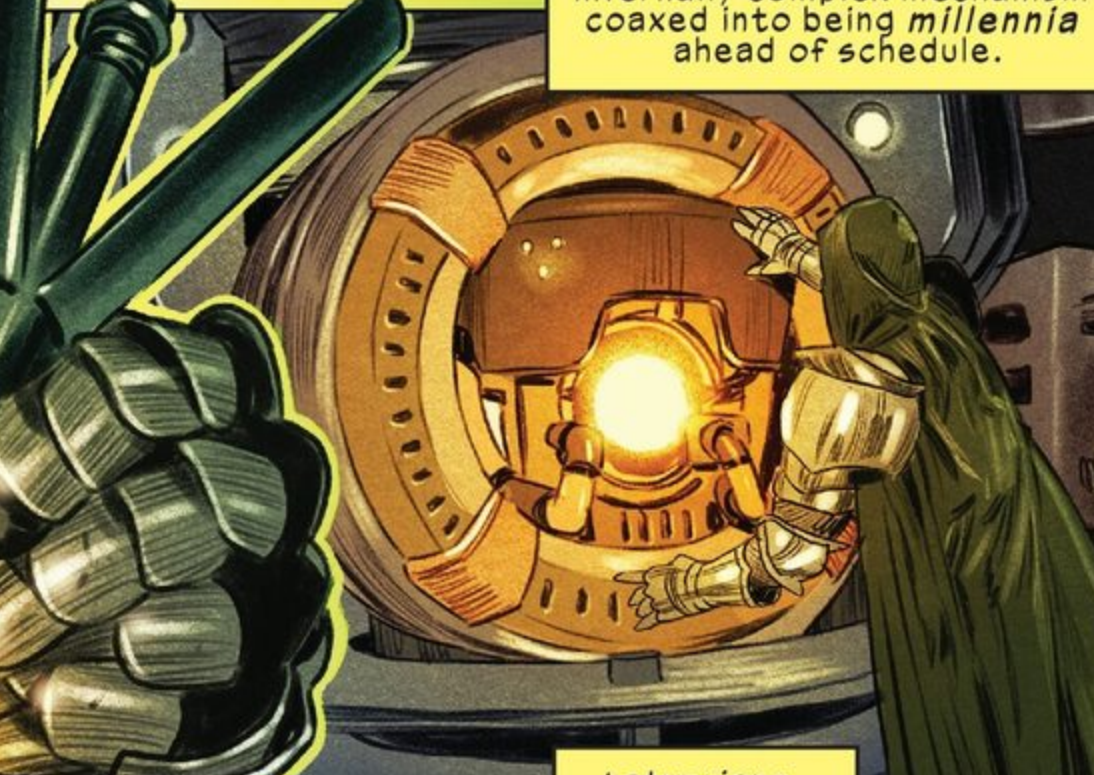


...and using them to forge innovations that would otherwise not be seen for decades.

And each of them then forms but the *tinest* part of his new machine: a colossal and infernally complex mechanism coaxed into being *millennia* ahead of schedule.



They work under Doom's *personal* supervision, such that no single element gives anything more than the smallest improbable *glimpse* at what is truly being constructed here.



Latverians call it the *Doom Engine*.



They build at speeds not seen in generations.



All the while, Doom is creating new technologies years beyond the global state of the art...



Nobody outside their nation even knows it exists.

That is, of course,
until over a year
later when--armed with
only his *mind*, his *will*,
and the might and wealth
of a nation tapped dry...

At last!
Inevitably
and at long
last! The
will of

DOOM

...is made
manifest!

...the
Doom Engine
exists.

It spins up for
the first time,
functioning
precisely
per Doom's
parameters...

...which, by
maddening coincidence,
are *precisely* as
Dr. Reed Richards breezily
described on that
long-ago broadcast.



The Engine will be ready within *minutes*, Your Glory. All readings are satisfactory.

And now-- you desire to ask its *true* purpose, yes?



Of course not, Sire. I need know only what you *tell* me I need know.

Good, Hanāk. Good.



But I will tell you, Hanāk, nonetheless: It is a *time machine*-- unlike all others before constructed.

It will send my mind into the body of *anyone* in *history*--giving Doom total control over them and their *choices*.

This...



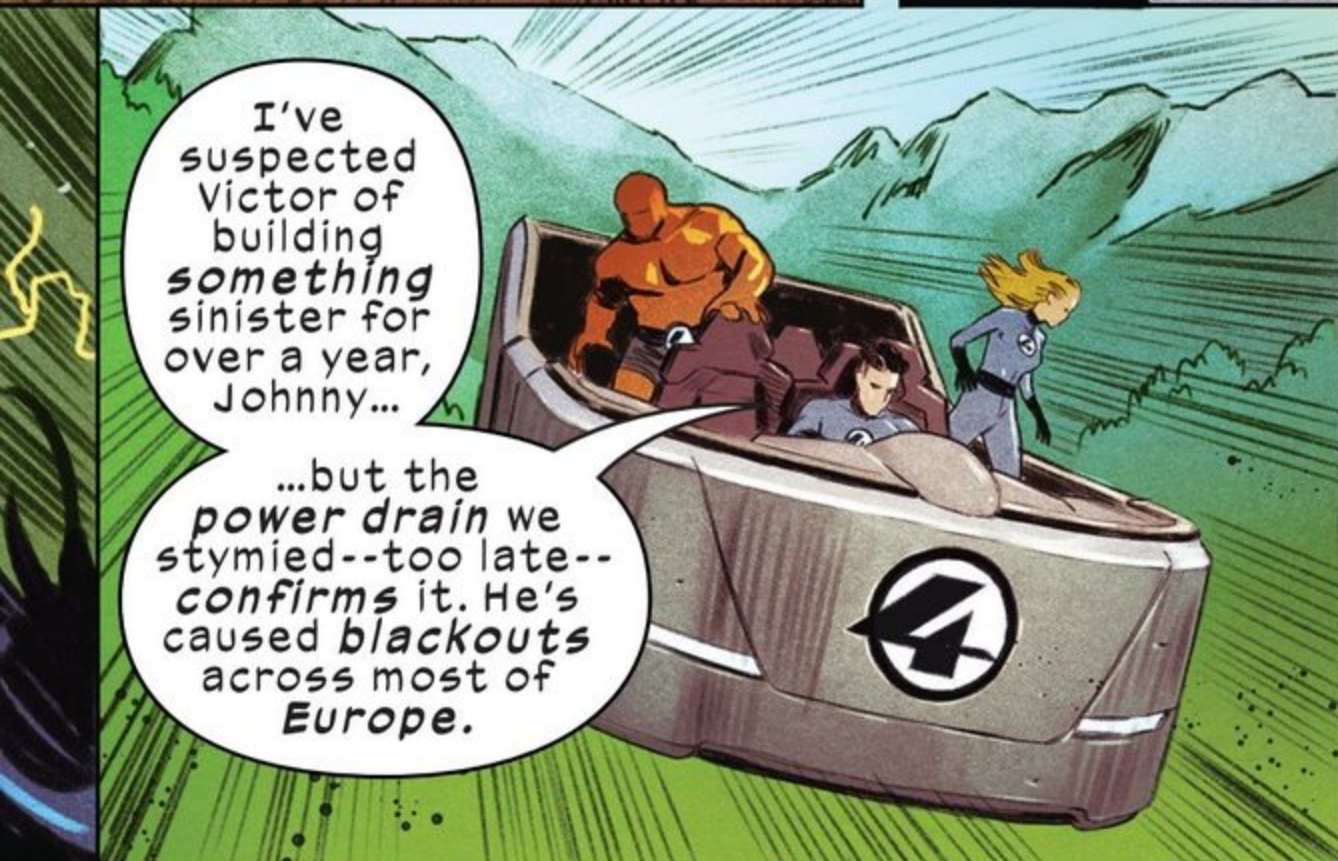
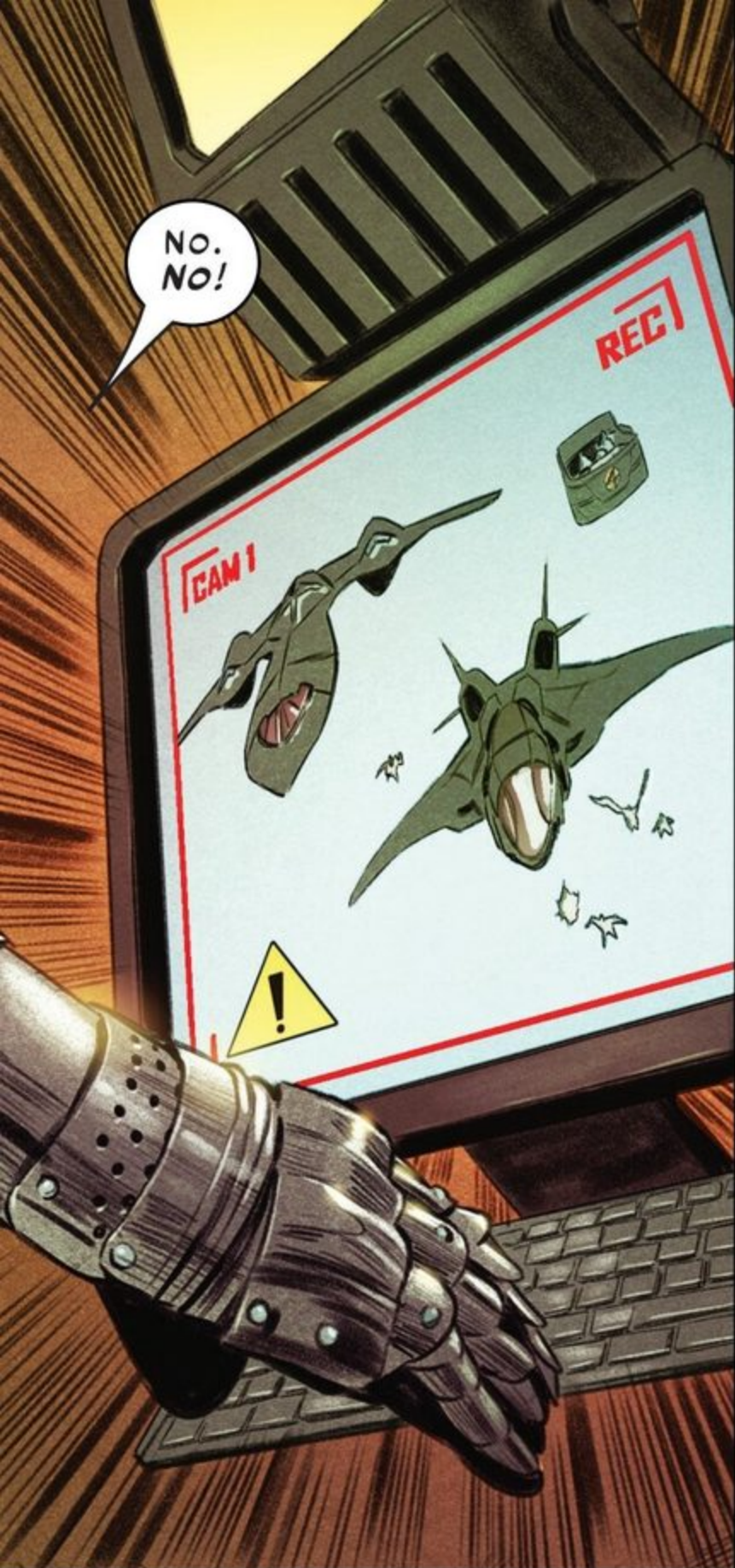
...this is how Latveria becomes *glorious*.



My first stop: the Paris Peace Conference of 1919--wherein Latverian land was ceded, at the stroke of a foreign pen, by men who cared not for her *people*, nor her *culture*--nor her *dignity*.

I shall--

Borders compromised.









ZRRRAAKKKK

Emergency
landing!
Emergency
la--



Arrggh!

BOOOOM



Tony. My
extra-keen *Super-
Soldier senses*
tell me you're
still alive.

That's
not a
thing.

And yet
here you
are.



These Doombots--
they're fighting *dirty*, like
their lives depend on it.
This isn't *normal*.

Yeah, Reed
warned us they
might come
at us *hard*. But
that's the role
of us decoys,
isn't it?



Take the
hits...

...and
hope the
others are
having more
luck than
we are.



Hard to feel like we're making any progress, Logan.

Grah! That's fine, Slim! For now--

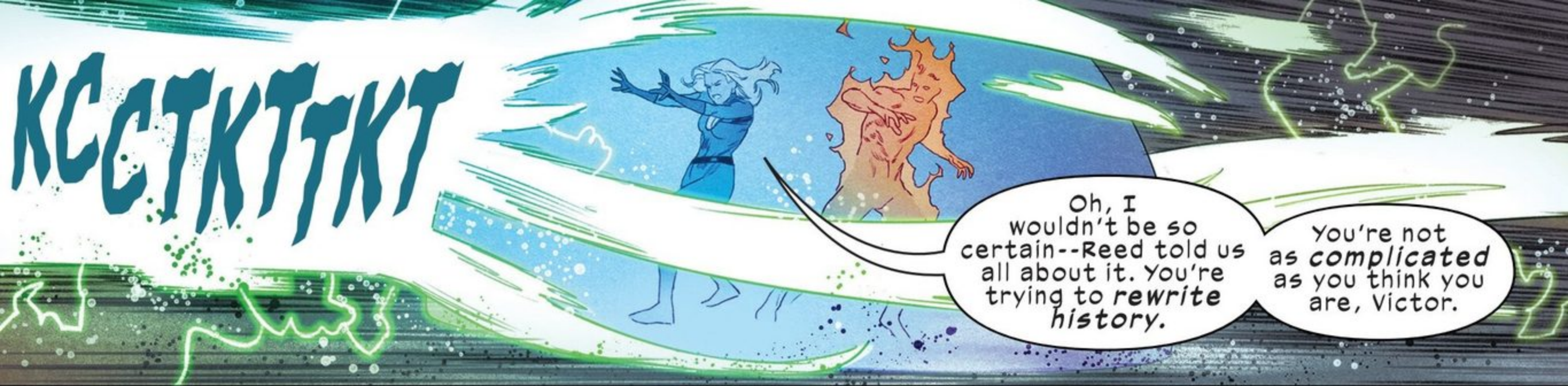
ZLARK!

KEHNNING



--just focus on staying alive.





Oh, I wouldn't be so certain--Reed told us all about it. You're trying to *rewrite history*.

You're not as *complicated* as you think you are, Victor.



In fact, you're really rather *simple*.

Let me pass, damn you!

Nothing but baby's---



--first--

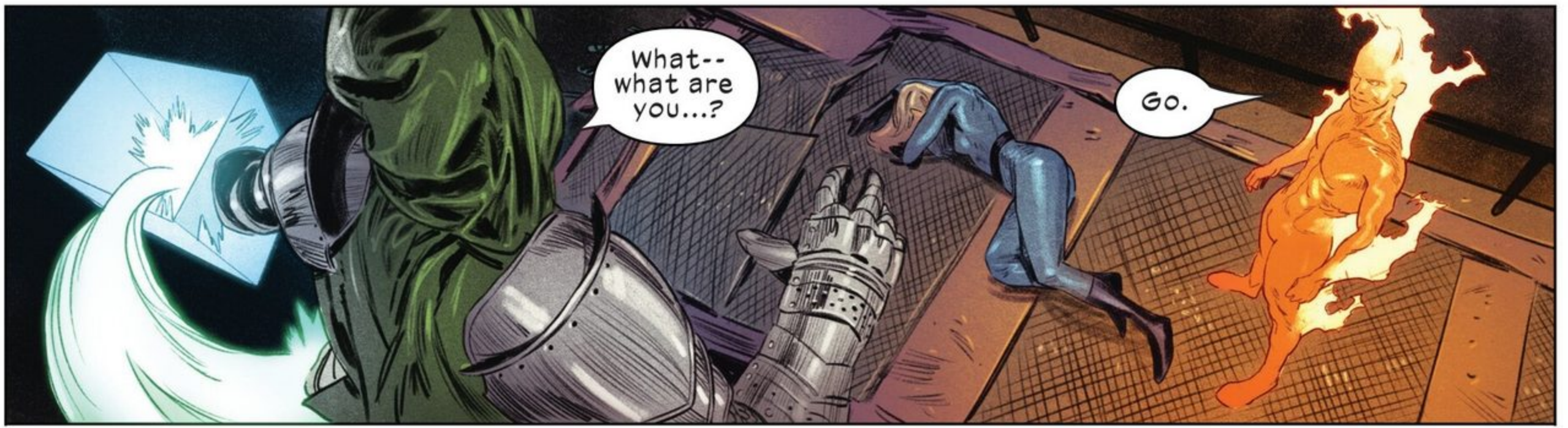


--super villain.

Now, do you *give up*, or do I--?



Rargggghh!





Please, Victor, *listen!* You can't alter history to *your* image! That idea was for the *future*, when we'd evolved *past* these petty--

Petty?

Petty?!



Doom will *show* you petty!



You cannot *stop* me, Richards. You never *could*.

And now--



--you never will.



...I'm sorry, Victor, but a Doom *unchained* throughout history is simply too dangerous.

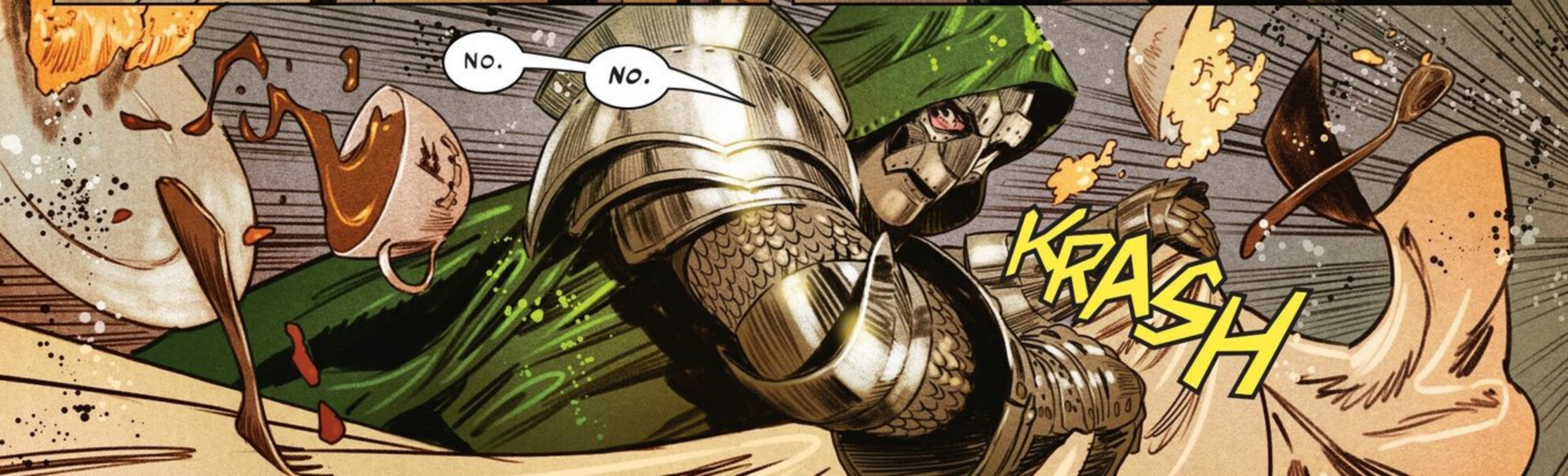
I couldn't stop you *here*, true: You left me no time.



But I could, nevertheless...



"...stop you *there*."



APRIL 14TH, 1912.

Richards!!!



NEXT: THE RMS *TITANIC*!

Born to a poor nomad and an ill-fated witch, **VICTOR VON DOOM** used his talent for combining sorcery and technology to take over the European country of Latveria, making him one of the most formidable people on the planet. Over the years, Doom has wielded his power for great good and great evil, leaving the people of Earth with one question to ponder and fear: What will Doctor Doom do next?

DOOMQUEST

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Doctor Doom created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

DOOM QUEST



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Doctor Doom has been sent back in time—to **APRIL 14TH, 1912**, aboard the **RMS TITANIC**. Without his armor or his tech, Doom faces his greatest challenge yet. But the only thing Doom has ever truly needed is his mind, and he refuses to go down with the ship!